

The dinner being ready, we went to the dwelling place to eat it, leaving the young fellow that came with us to attend the roast meat, while we eat the first dish.

The old gentleman having laid the cloth, which, though something coarse, being made out of part of a ship's sail, was very clean, he laid three shells on it about the bigness of a middle-sized plate, but as beautiful as any nakes of pearl I ever saw. Gentlemen, says he, if you can eat off of shells, ye are welcome: I have no better plates to give you. Sir, said I, I very much question whether any prince in *Europe* can produce so curious service.

The first dish he served was soup in a large deep shell, as fine as the first, and one spoon made of shell, which he said was all his stock. However, he fetched a couple of muscle shells, which he washed very clean, then gave *Alvarado* one, and took the other himself, obliging me to make use of the spoon. So we sat down, *Alvarado* and I upon the chest, which he drew near the table and the old gentleman, much against his will upon the chair.

Having eaten sufficiently of the soup, he himself would carry in the remains to the young man in the kitchen, and fetch in the

boiled meat and oyster sauce, which he brought in another shell, much of the same nature with that the soup was served in, and it eat as delicious as house lamb.

Having done with that, he fetches in the other half of the beast roasted, and several sorts of delicious pickles: This dish being done with, I offered to take it away, but he in no wise would permit me; so went away with it himself, and brought the fowls, of which we eat heartily. This the old man likewise took away, and fetched us, out of his dairy, a small cheese of his own making, which being set down, he related to us the unaccountable manner he came by the antelopes. But, having not as then mentioned any thing about his own history, which I exceedingly longed to enquire into, I begged him to inform us by what accident he came hither, and how he had so long maintained a good state of health. To which he answered, Time would not permit him to relate his own history, being very long, and the remainder of the day too short; but that he would, before we parted, give it me in writing; having for want of other occupation, made a memorial.

The day being pretty far spent, I was obliged to think of going, which grieved me  
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